THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 109.

"The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth;
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd."

IMITATIONS and parodies of the celebrated passages in the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope and Gray, are continually multiplied. Genius may be displayed by imitating without servility, or parodying without grossness, as well as originating with felicity.

Among the productions of poets, there is none I peruse with greater pleasure than the seasons of Thomson; and I have frequently felt surprise that the fine episode in his Autumn, has not attracted the copyist's attention. Perhaps despair of catching any portion of that inspiration, which pervaded the mind of *nature's poet* is the excuse. True it is, that few blank verse writers have attained the smoothness and delicacy of Thomson's lines. Armstrong has approached the nearest in his Art of Health, a poem of great merit, which does not in this country receive half the attention it deserves. It would be *wandering* too fast from the object of the present paper, were observations on this subject multiplied. A correspondent has furnished an imitation of Thomson's style. It will not well be considered a perfect one; but is certainly not devoid of merit, and the Wanderer thinks he risks no reputation in asserting that the original author would have been proud of the *icicle* simile. From the laboratory of this chemist, he hopes to extract further sweets; and shall not withhold the fuel of approbation, while such liquid lines flow from the alembic. Reliance is placed on the promise of this correspondent that a continuation shall be sent forward. The promises of poets are not always current in our publisher's office, but if the punctilios of business are insisted on, the versifier's obligation shall receive the Wanderer's plain prose endorsement.

RINALDO.

The lone and sad Rinaldo, once had friends,
Who, gaily treacherous, while fortune smil'd
Caress'd him; but withdrew their smiles with hers.
For mid his prosp'rous hours depriv'd of all

Which industry or heritage bestow'd ;
He sought indignant for a lone retreat,
And with one friend, who faithful trac'd his steps,
(His dog Cesario) through the city sped,
And in the windings of a narrow lane
A lodging found, where more conceal'd he dwelt,
Than had he plung'd amid th' umbrageous gloom,
Of rural scenes, when even solitude
Cannot repel the gaze of curious eyes.
Here busy labour stop'd not to inquire
What motive guided him ; amusement too
Hied on, nor sought this humble man's abode.
Securely shelter'd from the cold contempt,
And cruel pity, which unthinking man
On him bestow, whom poverty pursues ;
He daily labour'd for a scant support,
And like the dogs which howl'd him to repose,
The source he knew not of tomorrow's fare.
By care and toil, his form so comely once,
Was, like the grape-vine's stalk, of foliage stript
By bleak November, withered and bent ;
By exercise embrown'd, his sallow cheek
Display'd not now that bright carnation, which
With snowy whiteness mix'd, fair health displays.
His tatter'd garments, all which time had spar'd,
A manly grace, the praise of better days
Conceal'd not quite ; for native dignity
Needs not the pomp of dress, but brilliant shines,
In spite of every adventitious want.
Tho' careless now of worldly hopes or fears,
Yet when fell memory, recall'd the past ;
His fortune gone, his friends' ingratitude,
His son, his only child, untimely lost ;
His sunken eyes not yet devoid of fire,
" Still on the ground dejected, darting all"
The sad moroseness which his bosom felt :
And when his faithful Dog with pitying look,
Sprang on his knee, and lick'd his pallid cheek,
They like the icicle, which winter's cold
Hangs on the sea-beat promontory's brow,
At intervals distill'd a briny tear.
As in the center of a forest's gloom,
Some humble shrub arises, and remains
Hidden by the umbrif'rous foliage,
In wild and wide luxuriancy spread
By rugged oaks, or more aspiring pines ;
So e'en through insignificance secure,
And by the lordly few or busy throng
Alike unknown, Rinaldo liv'd.

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FOR THE EMERALD.

CONVERSAZIONE.

No 2.

WHEN the club, an account of which we gave when we introduced ourselves to an acquaintance with the public, had determined to adjourn, they very naturally began to think, in order to carry their resolutions into operation, it would be necessary to elect a *scout* for the ensuing fortnight. After the numerous difficulties attending an election, where every voter is a candidate, and each eager for employment, it was at length resolved that Ralph Lumberbrain, Esq. should have the first honour; and accordingly he was immediately invested with his robes of authority.

The *name* of this gentleman will sufficiently designate his character to the quick sighted and apprehensive part of our readers. But those who happen to be dull and phlegmatic, and this is no uncommon case, may require a more laboured definition *Ralph Lumberbrain* then, is immediately descended from Thomas Lumberbrain, Esq. a late justice of our supreme court, and member of the legislature of Massachusetts, equally distinguished in both for the profundity of his acquiremeats. He was remarkable for applying his labour to causes of little moment, and in general for quoting a host of authorities which had no bearing upon the point in question, to shew the extent of his learning. This was a very common custom with him, and indeed of all his ancestors; the family of the *Lumberbrains* being distinguished for knowledge so deep and erudition so uncommon as to be of no use in the general requisitions of society. Ralph is a blood relation of the great family of *Lumberbrains* with which our happy country is so effectually overrun. This family it is said is sprung from the *Loggerheads* of noted memory; but which was changed to Lumberbrain by the legislature, as being more sweet and harmonious in sound; the sense or meaning being very nearly preserved. The term, *log* having considerable affinity to that of *lumber*; and in colloquial phraseology we say, "that man has *brains*," or "has a head," meaning thereby the same thing; though it must be confessed, the compounded words *Loggerhead and Lumberbrain*, are not remarkable for their intellectual significancy. Ralph, however, has humour and eccentricity, and the minuteness of his erudition occasions much sport. He can tell that the iron and clay, in the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image, fell to pieces, because they could not cohere; and as what God has joined no man may put asunder; so what he has parted no man can join. He deals in proverbs and truisms. His ingenuity in argument, consists in throwing a *self-evident* proposition in the teeth of his antagonist, **stumping* him to refute it. This is a very common method with profound logicians, who substitute other people's wits for their own. Ralph is profoundly skilled in title pages; and he has been all his life employed in searching for the learning lost at the *Alexandrian library*, burnt by *Julius Cæsar*, and for the valuable manuscripts of Sir Isaac Newton destroyed by his dog *Julio*; however he has never been able to recover them. He wisely says "what is once destroyed, cannot be recovered," "that which is burnt by fire, cannot be found whole." But he has satisfied himself on one point. He drew a curious parallel between these fell destroyers of the literature of the world, and being a disciple of Pythagoras he is sure Sir Isaac Newton's Julio, could be no other than Julius Cæsar himself transmigrated to a dog. For both were distinguished for the same act; namely, the destruction of knowledge; and both made use of the same agency, namely, fire. Only one was the blaze of a candle, and the other the conflagration of a city.

The club separated high in hope, of great amusement from this queer fish, when he should report his success to the *conversazione*. This great event, like the calculations of the comet, has for a long time been delayed, and prob-

* *An American improvement in languages which we recommend to the attention of Mr. Webster.*

ably like those calculations, will leave the world as ignorant as it was before.—*Ralph* has now made his report, which we shall beg leave to introduce to our readers.

One stormy evening in the month of November, when Boston streets were slimy and dark, the lamps, as usual, being on their expiring point at ten o'clock, a hint probably to our good inhabitants to go to bed before that time, three members of the *Conversazione*, met according to their resolution, with the expectation of hearing something, to put them in good humour, for encountering the dangers, of broken-up pavement, open drains, posts, cellar doors, deep kennels and muddy side walks! the general conveniencies of Boston streets. Here they waited the approach of Mr. Lumberbrain, who in about half an hour made his appearance. He was dressed for the occasion, and brought his report written for the convenience of the secretary, that its publicity might be effected without inconvenience—

REPORT to the *Conversazione*, of Ralph Lumberbrain, Esq. first appointed *scout* of that honourable fraternity.

Man, Mr. Secretary, is subject to disappointment, as is wisely remarked by every philosopher, and attentive observer of the course of human action. I have felt this position in its fullest force, since our adjourned meeting, and am fearful I shall not make a communication, in any degree commensurate with your deserts or my abilities. I am so little acquainted with fashionable people, that I have been "*put to my trumps*" to "*make one among them*;" but hearing my friend *Wealthproud* had invited a parcel of fashionables to his house, I "*made so bold*" as to tell him, "*pozz rozz and dumplings*," I'd go there. *Without seeing through a grindstone*, I could see he did not like this; but he was afraid to "*quarrel with his bread and butter*," so he "*made the best of a bad bargain*," and said he'd be glad to see me. On the evening appointed therefore I dressed myself in my scratch wig, my best broadcloth coat, my drab breeches, only a little thread bare, and best woollen stockings, and proceeded without delay directly to his house. When I went into the room where the company was seated, I found the women ranged in chairs all around the room, dressed in white, and the men formed in battle array against them all in black, "army against army, and there was a valley between them." I could not account for this uniformity on both sides, until on enquiry, I found they were troops under the command of General Fashion, who had prescribed this to be their present uniform. This general, whenever he leads, is sure of the faithfulness of his troops, who follow him at all hazards. They sacrifice their health and even their lives in his service. The changes of his manœuvres, are momentary as the morning cloud.

It seems to be now the fashion to deaden the fire of conversation by the cold water of indifference, or obscure its brightness by the trash of frivolity. There came into the room, while I was immersed in wonder, two puppies which nestled about the petticoats of the ladies, one of foreign, and one of home breed; the name of the first I understood was Mr. Fribbler Therou, the other I shall not mention, as I shall have occasion to notice him another time. Mr. Fribbler Therou *was perfumed like a dressing-box*, and appeared a *walking thumb-bottle of lavender-water*; but "still he smil'd and talk'd." He "dealt in holliday and lady terms." He "felt excruciatingly unwell pozz," "that creature has the most *outré phizz*," "Lord Whitworth was *plenipo* to *Boney*." He swears like a man of fashion; he addresses a lady as if Cæsar's brag of veni, vidi, vici, was forever in his noddle. "*A penny for your thought* mem," said he to a lady, Miss Notwit, who retorted with great severity, she was "thinking of a fool or a medler, and now she had found both." He replied it was "great pleasure so it was, for the beaux to be *cut up* by the belles." She said "it would be but *poor pickings* to have the cutting up of him." I thought the remark was "*too true to make a jest on*." But he very good naturedly adjusted

his cravat, twirled his handkerchief, and said with great composure, *enough's as good as a feast*. But Miss Notwit did not choose to let him off so easily, and cried out as he was leaving her, "Mr. Therou, my sweet little lap-dog has lately littered; say some more of your good things, and I'll set you down for a *puppy*." This quite disconcerted him, and he immediately turned round to a gentleman, who asked him how he was pleased with the last play. Oh! says he, "I've seen it in London!" Meaning, as I suppose, that he could advance no opinion about it in Boston. "Mr. Kemble, Sir, *our great actor*, you have heard of him no doubt?" "Yes Sir." "Mr. Kemble, Sir, has given me a disrelish to all other performers; so if you will allow me, we will change the subject of conversation. "That gown of yours *Mem*, is very genteel," said he to another lady; who answered him very ingeniously, "I'm glad you like it, Sir." "Pon honour *Mem*, the weather is so cold I can hardly keep myself warm at night under sixteen blankets." "Yes Sir," replied the lady, "the winter will not rot in the sky." "Your tea, madam, addressing himself to the lady of the house, tastes *quite morish*." "Allow me to offer you another cup, Sir." "*That's your sort*, madam, *you are the woman for my money*." "*Was that apple left for manners, Mem?*" "No Sir," said Miss Notwit, "I left it for you." "Well, I never knew such a young lady *in all my born days!*" "That *may be* Sir;" but "*may bees* do not fly in November." "Will you have a wing of this fowl, Sir," said he to a rough gentleman on the opposite part of the side board. "No," said the other, "I prefer the wing of an ox." "I suppose," said the lady just mentioned, "there was one word for you, Sir, and two for himself."

I now found it time to depart, and suddenly left the room, and could just distinguish a retort of the lady, as I descended the stairs, "You'll make him as bad as yourself, Mr. Therou, and that's as bad as bad can be."

LUMBERBRAIN.

THE DRAMA.
No. 7.

CINDERELLA, OR THE *LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.*

Monday, Dec. 7.

"Novelty captivates the superficial and thoughtless;" show delights the vulgar and illiterate; and the wonderful gratifies the innocence of childhood. These, as they compose a great proportion of the Boston audiences, are sure to be attracted by spectacle, brilliancy and grandeur. The story on which the pantomime of "CINDERELLA" is founded, is perfectly familiar to all ages of life; from the child who spells in the nursery, to the grandmother by whom it is instructed. To the general novelty, therefore, of the pantomime, is added the particular attraction of the story itself. This piece has been crowned with general success wherever it has been exhibited; and it deserves it, for the moral principles alone which it inculcates. The manner in which it is got up in Boston, is highly creditable to the managers for their liberality, and to the scene painters for their skill. The stage effect of many of the incidents, is strikingly attractive: and we know no scene on the stage which has ever been exhibited to more universal satisfaction than the exterior of the illuminated palace. Some of the tricks were rather bungled, which we ascribe to the necessary aukwardness of a first representation. The suspension of the cupids had a fine effect.

We do not think it necessary to touch particularly upon the performance.—We shall only remark that *Venus* was beautiful, and beamed love and transport from her eyes: *Cinderella* wanted grace in the *ball-room*. Her transformation is not supposed to leave her as unpolished as she was previous to her change. She, on the whole, could not be better represented by any one in the company, excepting by Venus herself. The *Prince* was properly represented, in person, costume and action—And the *Sisters*, were much as they should be—*Nymph*, wanted grace, but she had "sweetness of warble," which more than counterbalanced it. Pedro seemed at home in pantomime.

We understand the managers have incurred much expense for the decoration, scenery and costume of this pantomime; their *liberality* deserves support, and we

offer them our good wishes for an ample remuneration. We have been charged with severity; but shew us a tragedy or comedy distinguished in all its ramifications, by the apparent generosity which seems to have prevailed in the getting up of Cinderella, and our panegyric shall never be complained of, on the score of a scanty distribution.

N. B. Those who did not attend the performance of Romeo and Juliet, for the benefit of Mrs. Warren, lost a high gratification in the personation of the last scene of that tragedy. Mr. Fennell as Romeo, had every thing to encounter, in engaging the part, age, voice and person. But in the last scene from taking the poison to his death, he afforded an example of accurate utterance, force of discrimination, and propriety of transition, which we think can hardly be surpassed. From his exhibition of the dying agonies by poison, we should think in undertaking the part of Beverly, he would lose nothing, but gain much in his reputation. Mrs. Warren's Juliet, particularly in the garden scene, and that in the chamber, before swallowing the draught, was conspicuously excellent.

We have stepped aside from our usual course of only noticing one production in the week, as well because the pantomime now performing does not afford a sufficient field for remark, as because the performance of Mr. Fennell and Mrs. Warren was too remarkable, justly to be passed over in silence. We never wish to witness better playing, than was shewn on the two last nights of Mrs. Warren's engagement; when she and Fennell mutually supported each other.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

D'Alambert, who remarks that there is a long dull epitaph on the monument of Fenelon, gives the following, which is more appropriate to the tomb where the author of Telemachus is laid. "Underneath this stone FENELON reposes! Traveller, efface not his name by thy tears—that others may read it and weep as well as thee!"

In Sotheby's Saul we have a beautiful delineation of the various emotions excited by the return of a victorious army in the bosoms of the expecting friends of the victors.

"There many a wife, whose ardent gaze from far,
Singled the warrior, whose glad eye gave back
Her look of love. There many a grandsire held
A blooming boy aloft, and 'midst th' array
In triumph, pointing with his staff, exclaim'd,
"Lo, my brave son!—I now may die in peace."
There, many a beauteous virgin blushing deep,
Flung back her veil, and, as the warrior came,
Hail'd her betroth'd."——

"Laws are not made, like lime twigs or nets, to catch every thing that touches them; but rather like sea-marks, to avoid the shipwrecks of ignorant passengers."

Sydney's Arcadia, B. 5.

Our incessant talkers may profit by another extract from this "mirror of knighthood."

"The nightingale sings seldom, the pye still chatters; the wood cries most before it is thoroughly kindled; and deep wounds bleed inward. Shallow brooks murmur most, deep ones slide away in silence. *Ibid.* B. 1.

Time is like space, it is only measured by the objects which fill it.

Viscount S. once met M. de V. and said to him, "Is it true, Sir, that in a house where I am thought to be witty, you said I had no wit at all?" M. de V. answered, "My lord, there is not a word of truth in the matter, I never was in any house where you was thought to be witty, and I never had occasion to tell any body you had no wit at all.'

DESCRIPTIONS OF NIGHT.

" All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat." *Dryden.*

" That I enjoy the silent hour of night,
And shun the noisy tumult of the day,
Prize the pale moon beyond the solar blaze
And choose to meditate while others sleep,
If these are crimes I am most culpable.
For, from the inmost feeling of my soul,
I love the awful majesty sublime
Of Nature in her stillness—To overlook,
Fixt on some bleak and barren promontory,
The wide interminable waste of waves;
To gaze upon the star-wrought firmament
Till mine eyes ache with wonder—these are joys
I gather undisturb'd."——

Tobin's Curfew.

Two descriptions of night in Ossian possess much beauty. They are found in a note to Croma, a poem.

" The wind is up. The shower descends. The spirit of the mountain shrieks. Woods fall from high. Windows flap. The growing river roars. The traveller attempts the ford. Hark that shriek! he dies:—The storm drives the horse from the hill, the goat, the lowing cow. They tremble as drives the shower, beside the mouldering bank.

The hunter starts from sleep, in his lonely hut; he wakes the fire decayed. His wet dogs smoke around him. He fills the chinks with heath. Loud roar two mountain-streams which met beside his booth.

Sad, on the side of a hill, the wandering shepherd sits. The tree resounds above him. The stream roars down the rock. He waits for the rising moon to guide him to his home.

Ghosts ride on the storm tonight. Sweet is their voice between the squalls of wind. Their songs are of other worlds.

The rain is past. The dry wind blows. Streams roar, and windows flap. Cold drops fall from the roof. I see the starry sky. But the shower gathers again. The west is gloomy and dark. Night is stormy and dismal, receive me, my friends, from night.

Night is calm and fair; blue, settled is night. The winds, with the clouds, are gone. They sink behind the hill. The moon is up on the mountain. Trees glitter: streams shine on the rock. Bright rolls the settled lake; bright the stream of the vale.

I see trees overturned; the shocks of corn on the plain. The wakeful hind rebuilds the shocks, and whistles on the distant field.

Calm, settled, fair is nigh! Who comes from the place of the dead. That form with the robe of snow; white arms and dark-brown hair! It is the daughter of the chief of the people; she that lately fell! Come let us view the, O maid! thou that hast been the delight of heroes! The blast drives the phantom away; white without form, it ascends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue mist, slowly, over the narrow vale. It rises on the hill, and joins its head to heaven. Night is settled, calm, blue, starry, bright with the moon. Receive me not, my friends, or lovely is the night.

TO A FRIEND.

Of two illustrious Statesmen dead,
You ask, dear Friend, what may be said
Of either's memory?
For once, I answer you in rhyme,
That Fox may be compared to TIME—
PITT, to ETERNITY.

SYMPATHETIC INK.

Wecker, who compiled his book *de secretis* from Porta, Cardan, and several old writers, and printed it for the first time in 1582, and gave a third edition in 1592, must have been unacquainted with it; else he certainly would not have omitted it in the fourteenth book, where he mentions all the methods of secret writing. Neither would it have been unnoticed by Caneparius, whose book *de atramentis* was printed at Venice, for the first time, in 1619, in quarto.

"The first person who, as far as I have been able to learn, gave a receipt for preparing this ink, was Peter Borel, in *Historiarum et observationum medicophysic, centuriæ quatuor*. In this work, which was printed, for the first time, in 1653, and a second time in 1657, at Paris, and of which there were several editions afterwards, the author calls it a magnetic water, which acts at a distance. After the occult qualities of the schoolmen were exploded, it was customary to ascribe phenomena the causes of which were unknown, and particularly those the causes of which seemed to operate without any visible agency, to magnetic effluvia; as the turmalin was at first considered to be a kind of magnet. Others concealed their ignorance under what they called sympathy, and in latter times attraction and electricity have been employed for the like purpose. Borel, who made it his business to collect new observations that were kept secret, learned the method of preparing this magnetic water from an ingenious apothecary of Montpellier, and in return taught him some other secrets. Otto Tachen, a German chemist, afterwards thought of the same experiment, which he explains much better, without the assistance of magnetism or sympathy. The receipt for making these liquids, under the name of sympathetic ink, I find first given by Le Mort, in *Collectaneis chymicis Leydensibus*, and that the name has been still retained.

"Another remarkable kind of sympathetic ink is that prepared from cobalt, the writing of which disappears in the cold, but appears again of a beautiful green colour, as often as one chooses, after being exposed to a moderate degree of heat.

MOORLAND MARY.

With jet-black eyes, and sloe-black hair;
With cheeks so red, and round arms bare;
And teeth so white, and dimpled chin;
And bosom fair, and pure within;
And small straw hat, so loosely tied;
And rushy basket at her side,
Quite full with berries red and blue,
And heather buds of many a hue;
And steps as light as any fairy;—
I met the little Moorland Mary.

"If you sweet girl will go with me,
My little serving maid to be:
And those soft notes you sweetly sung,
Repeat them to my nursling young,
And leave these hills, so bleak and wild,
To watch and tend my darling child,
To cherish her I fondly love,
And tender, true, and faithful prove,
And o'er her infant steps be wary;
I'll treasure you, sweet Moorland Mary.

"Oh, lady! listen to my tale,
And let my simple words prevail:—
My mother's old—she's old and poor,
And scarce can totter to the door;
And me she loves, her only joy—
She has no other girl or boy:
Ah! whilst *she* lives, with her I'll stay
But think, of you when far away,
She says the grave will rest the weary;
And then I'll be *your* Moorland Mary."

A new publication is advertised, called "The *Lamp*:" a very proper title for a new book, as the Reviewers will, doubtless, shew no delay in *trimming* it.

Francis Davison, in the preface to a "Poetical Rapsodie," printed 1611—thus defends the writing of poetry.

"If thou thinke we affect fame by these kinds of writings, though I thinke them no disparagement even to the best judgements, yet I answere in all our behalfes, with the princely shepherd, Dorus, *Our hearts do seeke another estimation*. If thou condemne poetry in generall, and affirme that it doth intoxicate the braine, and make men utterly unfit eyther for more serious studies, or for any active course of life, I onely say—*Judeo te stultum esse libenter*. Since experience proves by examples of many, both dead and living, that divers delighted and excelling herein, being princes or statesmen, have governed and counselled as wisely; being souldiers, have commanded armies as fortunately; being lawyers, have pleaded as judicially and eloquently; being divines, have written and taught as profoundly; and being of any other profession, have discharged it as sufficiently, as any other men whatsoever. If, liking other kinds, thou mislike the lyricall, because the chiefest subject thereof is love;—I reply, that love being vertuously intended and worthily placed, is the whetstone of wit and spurre to all generous actions; and many excellent spirits with great fame of wit and no staine of judgement, have written excellently in this kind, and especially the ever-praise-worthy Sidney: so as if thou wilt needs make a fault, for mine owne part,

Haud timeo, si jam nequeo defendere crimen
Cum tanto commune viro."

Against *affliction* the heart may collect itself, and find a thousand resources! but *ingratitude*, like the deadly tree of *Java*, poisons every springing bud that comes within its influence.

FROM THE MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

The sturdy oak, when the storm roars around it, and the thunderbolt strikes at its time-worn trunk, may be shivered, but not bent by the stroke.

ATHEISM.

——————— Bold with joy,
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding place
(Portentous sight) owlet ATHEISM,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fring'd lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in heav'n,
Cries out—"Where is it?" COLERIDGE.

A French nobleman had been in love with a lady of high rank who treated him with contempt. He became prime minister; she stood in need of him, and he reminded her of her rigour. "Ah! my lord," said she ingenuously, "who could have foreseen this!"

On observing the miserable shifts which many persons are reduced in order to kill time, I open a book, and say to myself, as the cat did to the fox, I have but one trick, but it never fails me in time of need.

Gabrielli, the celebrated singer, having demanded five thousand ducats of the empress of Russia, for singing two months at Petersburgh, the empress answered,—"I do not pay any of my field-marshals at that rate." "If that be the case," replied Gabrielli, "your majesty has only to make your field-marshals sing." The empress paid the five thousand ducats.

Idleness is the hot-bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, and the canker-worm of felicity. In a little time, to the man who has no employment, life will have no novelty, and when novelty is laid in the grave, the funeral of comfort will enter the church-yard. From that moment it is the shade, and not the man, who creeps along the path of mortality. On the contrary, what solid satisfaction does the man of diligence possess? What health in his countenance? What strength in his limbs? What vigour in his understanding? With what a zest does he relish the refreshments of the day? With what pleasure does he seek the bed of repose at night? It is not the accidental hardness of a pillow that can make him unhappy, and rob him of sleep. He earns his maintenance, and he enjoys it. He has faithfully laboured in the day, and the slumbers of the night are a sweet retribution to him. To the diligent man every day is a little life, and every night is a little heaven. The toil has been honest, and the reward is sure.

"I am playing at chess for a shilling in a saloon where the dice are rattling for a hundred guineas," said a General who was employed in a difficult and unprofitable service, whilst other Generals were making easy, brilliant, and lucrative campaigns.

EQUANIMITY.

"I AM no more raised or dejected," said Politiano, "by the flattery of my friends, or the acusations of my enemies, than I am by the shadow of my own body; for although that shadow may be somewhat longer in the morning and the evening than it is in the middle of the day, this will scarcely induce me to think myself a taller man at those times than I am at noon."

Some of the counsellors at the bar talking loudly during a trial, M. de Harley, the President, said, —"If those gentlemen who converse together made no more noise than those gentlemen who are asleep, it would be more agreeable to those gentlemen to listen."

From BONAPARTE'S enmity to the *Press* it is supposed that he is a *friend* to *Locke* on the *Human Understanding*.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

The Comet which made its appearance here, was observed by Mr. Firminger, Oct. 6, at 8 hours 17 minutes 4 seconds. Declination 7 degrees 23 minutes 28 seconds; observed by an excellent small equatorial, made by the late celebrated Mr. Bird. The length of the tail, as found by the time of its passage over the meridianal wire, extended 50 minutes of a degree, and its mean breadth measured about 7 minutes.

The proprietors of Golden Lane Brewery have tried the experiment of lighting a street by coal gas lights. The furnace which supplies the gas, is in the brewery in Golden Lane, from whence a pipe proceeds, out of which branch smaller pipes at right angles to the lamps, each of which has an aperture in its lower extremity, to receive the pipe; two or three small holes, made in the end of the pipe, convey the gas, which being kindled gives a very brilliant light. In Golden Lane a single row of lamps about twenty yards asunder, completely illuminated both sides of the lane.

The Romans, during their residence in Britain, established a manufactory of woollen cloth near Winchester, which was so extensive as to supply their army.

The following is a statement of the French finances.

Supply.

1806.	Expenses,	689,065,000
1807.	do.	720,000,000

Ways and Means.

Ordinary Revenue,	640,000,000
External Receipts,	80,000,000
	720,000,000

It appears that the regular revenue of 1807 is adequate to the expenditure of that year, and that the augmentation of expense in 1806 is 30,004,017, of which 29,500,000 was incurred in the war department.

A new comedy from Mrs. Inchbald will be brought out at Covent Garden Theatre the present season.

Mrs. Whitlock made her appearance at Drury Lane, about the 1st of October, in Mr. Moore's tragedy of *Percy*. The English critics remark, that had not Mrs. Siddons come before her, she would have ranked with any tragic actress of her time. Her reception was very flattering.

Dr. H. Robertson proposes to publish by subscription, in two octavo volumes, a View of the Natural History of the Atmosphere, and of its influence in the sciences of Medicine and Agriculture; including an Essay on Contagion. The work will embrace a variety of subjects highly interesting to the general reader, as well as to the physician and agriculturalist.

Dr. Beddoes has nearly ready for publication, Researches, Anatomical and Practical, on Fever, as connected with Inflammation.

Mr. Southey has nearly finished a translation from the Spanish of the interesting Chronicle of the Cid, which will shortly be put to press.

Mr. Hoole has a poem in press on the subject of the Exodus.

Mr. Wilberforce's View of Christianity has been translated into German at Frankfort.

A new edition of Davies' Life of Garrick, with a number of additional notes, is in great forwardness for publication.

The new edition of Langhorne's Plutarch, with some corrections of the text, considerable additions to the notes, and new tables of times, coins, &c. by the Rev. F. Wrangham, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. C. Bell has in the press a third edition of his System of Dissections, which will be in two duodecimo volumes, that it may be better adapted to the use of students in the dissecting-room.

The Rev. W. Shepherd, author of the Life of Poggio Bracciolini, has in the press, *Dialogus an Seni fit Uxor ducenda*, which was written by Poggio, about the year 1435, and deposited in the royal library at Paris, where it was transcribed by Mr. Shepherd, during the interval of peace in 1804.

Mr. Desmond has in the press a translation of the new and enlarged edition of Fourcroy's Philosophy of Chymistry, lately published at Paris, which will soon appear.

DOMESTIC.

Proposals are issued by J. Milligan of Georgetown, for publishing *Malthus on Population*, in two volumes.

We understand that correct editions of the Classicks, and of Classical Dictionaries, are about to be undertaken by two literary gentlemen of New-York—and we are authorized in saying that I. M. Mason, D. D. is one of the editors. It is expected that a prospectus will appear shortly. It is intended to commence with *Virgil* and *Ainsworth's Dictionary*.

(United States' Gazette.

Thomas Dobson, Philadelphia, has published *A Tour in Zealand* in the year 1802, with a historical sketch of the battle of Copenhagen under Lord Nelson in 1801.

Wright, Goodenow & Stockwell, have in press, a new Medical Work, entitled "A *view of the Nervous Temperament*;" by Thomas Trotter, M. D.—and "*Observations on Abortion, containing an account of the manner in which it takes place, the Causes which produce it, and the Method of preventing or treating it*;" by John Burns, of *Glasgow*.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

DECEMBER.

LAST of the months severest of them all,
Woe to the regions where thy terrors fall!
Hail to thy tempests, which the deep deform,
Thrice hail thy ruthless hurricane and storm!
Now ÆOLUS send forth thy mightiest blast,
By land to rock the spire, by sea the mast;
Let earth and ocean feel thy potent sway,
And give thy winds their full impetuous way:
For lo, the fiery horses of the sun
Thro' the twelve signs their rapid course have run!
Rough blows the north wind near Arcturus' star,
And sweeps, unrein'd, across the polar bar;
On the world's confines, where the sea-bears prowl,
And Greenland whales like moving islands roll.
Thence thro' the skies, on brooms are seen to ride,
The Lapland wizzard, and his hellish bride;
There on a sledge, the rein-deer draws the swain,
To meet his mistress on the frost-bound plain.
Have mercy, winter!—for we own thy power,
Thy flooding deluge, and thy drenching shower;
Tho' frowns tempestuous mark thy visage wan,
Yet spare some pity to the toil of man.
And, tho' the floods thy adamantine chain,
Submissive wear—yet spare the treasur'd grain.
The peasants to thy mercy now resign,
The infant seed—their hope and future mine.
Not always Phœbus bends his vengeful bow,
Oft in mid-winter placid breezes blow.
Oft tinctur'd with the bluest transmarine,
The fretted canopy of heaven is seen;
Girdent with argent lamps, the full orb'd moon,
In mild December emulates the noon;
Tho' short the respite, if the saphire blue,
Stains the bright lustre with a sombrous hue;
Then a black wreck of clouds is seen to fly,
In broken shatters thro' the frighted sky:
But if fleet Eurus scour the vaulted plain,
Then all the stars propitious shine again;
Like Myra's face appears the vivid scene,
And like her mind, free, open, and serene.

EDWIN.

THE HUNGARIAN GIPSY'S SONG.

From Presburg's plain, from Aada's towr's,
From old Carpathia's mountains drear,
There by Danube's silent wave,
Or'mid the shades of Szelitz's cave
Our ample feasts we share;
While round the bowl in fearless glee,
We sing of love and liberty.

And oft the Vaivod's fur-clad dame,
Soft-smiling thro' her azure veil,
In whispers tells some cherish'd name,
And fondly hears our mystic tale;
While where the honied chesnut dwells,
Or where the melting melon swells
In Semeswara's dale;
We fill the bowl with fearless glee,
And sing of love and liberty.

Now tho' in Alpine woods no more
Our lawless revelry we hide;
Tho' chased from Elba's envied shore
By Saxon wealth and Saxon pride;
Still to this gem-fraught mountain's head,
Or to yon river's golden bed
Our weary feet we guide;
Then round the bowl with fearless glee,
Rejoice in love and liberty.

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

Mild Star of Eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the Queen of Love;
Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the host above,
And only to the Moon's clear light
Yields the first honours of the night!

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Thou glory of the sky!
And when my steps are wandering far,
Leading the shepherd-minstrelsy,
Then, if the Moon deny her ray,
O guide me, Hesper, on my way!
No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin, claims thy aid,
To guide his dagger to its mark,
Or light him on his plund'ring trade;
Thy gentler errand is to prove
The transports of requited love.

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